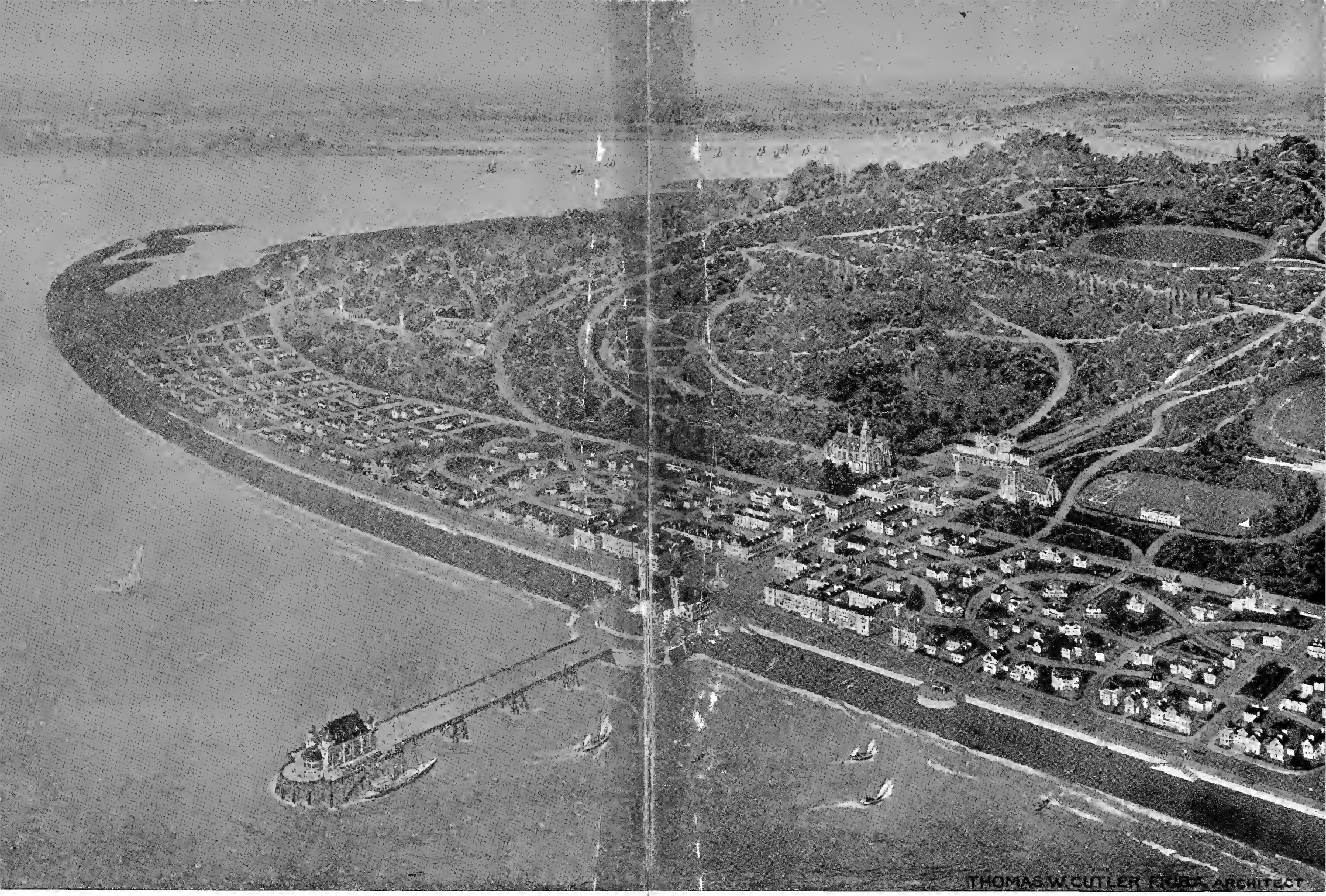

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MAYVILLE

An Anglo-French Pleasaunce:

ITS ATTRACTIONS AND AIMS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIL MAY.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby:
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh.

"Castle of Indolence."

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ETAPLES.

IN the year 1875, M. Villemessant, the celebrated founder and first editor of the "Figaro," wrote :—"At less than three miles distance from Etaples, near the mouth of the Canche, there is a stretch of beach sheltered by a forest of 800 hectares, and lovelier than that of Trouville. If God grants me life, I should like to make of this beautiful region an Arcachon of the North, which might adopt the ancient device : '*Heri, solitudo ; hodie, civitas*' (Yesterday, a desert ; to-day, a community). In a short time this place would become the favourite resort of our Parisians, and I should then have solved the famous problem of where to create a Paris-on-Sea."

And yet about five and thirty years before M. Villemessant so wrote, another writer, M. Harbaville, had thus described the same locality : "On the left bank of the Canche, almost opposite Etaples, there is a desert beach of sad and savage look." (1)

In the interval, how had this dreary waste, which repelled one writer, become converted into the sylvan paradise which so charmed the other? Who had effected this marvellous change? Monsieur Alphonse Jean Baptiste Daloz, the late owner of the domain of Le Touquet, who, in the year of Queen Victoria's accession (1837), conceived the idea of raising the value of his bare and sandy property by planting it with pines ; and at the time of his entertaining at his charmingly situated château a party of Parisian friends, including M. Villemessant, the seeds he

(1) In the "Mémorial Historique et Archéologique du Département du Pas-de-Calais," published 1842.

sowed around it had already shot up into a picturesque and fragrant pine-forest covering an undulating area (2,000 acres) as large as that of the Bois de Boulogne or of Richmond Park. It was this magnificent pine-wood and its hard, sandy beach which was destined to become the site of Mayville, that London and Paris "Half-way House," for business and pleasure, which Mr. John Whitley set himself to create, and determined to call *Mayville* in honour of the Duchess of York.

Thus in less than fifty years the face of the earth here about had undergone a wonderful change. But the immediate neighbourhood of Mayville had already, in the course of the centuries, been rich in transformation scenes of a similar kind; and as it was affirmed of the New World that it had been called into existence in order to redress the balance of the Old one, so it may also be said of Mayville that it has been created by way of compensation to the district for the destruction of Quentovic; and of Quentovic there now only remains a dim historic memory. *Stat nominis umbra*, it is but a mere name, historians not even being agreed as to its very site. Some—as, for example, the learned and acute Abbé Jean Gournay, Curé of St. Josse, as well as the laborious compiler of the "Memorial Historique et Archéologique du Département du Pas-de-Calais"—argue in favour of the left bank of the River Canche, near St. Josse itself, as the site of the utterly vanished town; while others, like M. Louis Cousin and M. Souquet, have each written researchful treatises to show that the situation of Quentovic was not far from, if not nearly identical with, that of the present little town of Etaples on the right bank of the River Canche; and the balance of historical evidence, on the whole, appears to be all in favour of the latter theory.

ETAPLES FROM MAYVILLE WOODS.

"TOILERS OF THE SEA," ETAPLES

"Canche" is the French form of the Latin "*Quanta*," which was the name given to the river by the Romans; and "Quentovic," or "Quentovich"—the "vich," or "wich," being the same root as in many English place-names of the same ending—was the *vicus*, or chief community of dwellers, on the "Quanta"; though it must be owned there are some who hold that the name may have been derived from the Norman, or Norwegian, invaders, and that the "vic" in Quentovic is not the Latin "*vicus*," but the Scandinavian "*vik*," which signifies a bay (hence Vik-ing, a bay-man); so that, according to this reasoning, Quentovic would mean the Bay or Port, not the town, of the Canche. In any case Quentovic was preceded by a place to which the Romans gave the name of *Gravinum*, though the question of the chronological and topographical relations of *Gravinum*, *Quentovic*, and *Stapulae* (the original of Etaples) is one of extreme obscurity, and is still to some extent an open one.

But at any rate the town at the mouth of the Canche was always one of great commercial and military importance even in Roman times, so much so that some writers have supposed, and ingeniously argued, that the ancient representative of what is now Etaples was the much debated "Portus Itius" from which Cæsar embarked with two of his Legions for the conquest of Britain. But it has now been placed beyond all doubt—and the evidence on the subject will be found summarised in the most lucid and convincing form in the Emperor Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar"—that Boulogne (*Gesoriacum*) was the Roman conqueror's point of departure across the Channel—the very same point as was also selected by the modern Cæsar for the projected Conquest of England in 1803.

By the Romans, Gravinum was accounted a point of naval and strategical importance second only to Boulogne; and for many years—

up, indeed, to 400 A.D.—it was the station of the *Classis Sambrica* (Fleet of the Sambre, so to speak), which formed part of the *Classis Britannica* that was maintained on the North and North-east coast of Gaul to protect it from the descents of Northern pirates and marauders. Of these barbarians a great swarm alighted at the mouth of the Canche about the middle of the fifth century; and from this time onward to the end of the ninth century the estuary formed a favourite landing-place for the Northern invaders of France—a peculiarity which it may still be said to retain in view of the pleasure-seekers who flock to the site of the future Mayville.

But sometimes the Canche gave more than it received in the process of international development. Thus, for example, it was at Quentovic, in 596 A.D., that the Roman Abbot Augustine, afterwards first Archbishop of Canterbury, embarked for Ebbesfleet, Thanet, Kent, to convert the people of that kingdom to Christianity, and he baptized King Ethelbert on June 2nd, 597; as it was also from the mouth of the Canche that Theodore of Tarsus, whom the Pope Vitalian had consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury, set sail (in 669) for England with an imposing retinue. (1)

Hitherto the rising tide of Christianity had flowed to England from the estuary of the Canche, and it was also through this very same channel that the refluent waves of true religion found their way to the other Pagan parts of Europe. For what says the old Bollandist chronicler of Saint Boniface, the English Apostle of the Teutons, who had resolved

(1) A cross is to be erected at the mouth of the Canche, to commemorate Saint Augustine's departure thence for England, thirteen centuries ago, and it will bear the following inscription :—

"From this place St. Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury, sailed for England, "A.D. 596, to convert the kingdom of Kent to Christianity."

The Pan-Anglican Synod, which is held in England every ten years, is to meet in July, 1897, a year before its time, in order that it may synchronize with the celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Augustine's consecration as "first Archbishop of the English race," by Pope Gregory the Great.

to cross the sea and convert the heathen tribes of Germany? "After a short passage he came to the mouth of a river called the Canche, where, having escaped all peril of shipwreck, he disembarked at Quentovic and remained there till he began to feel the first rigours of winter."

It would seem, indeed, that at this time Quentovic was to England what Calais became later, though it is not so easy to understand why it was considered a more favourable port of passage between the two countries than Boulogne, on which all the Roman roads converged. Quentovic certainly involved a longer sea-voyage than Boulogne, but perhaps in those days travellers either had a keener stomach for the sea than in these degenerate times, or they honestly preferred the perils of the ocean to the dangers of the road. Between Quentovic and Boulogne, the Romans—those master road-makers—had certainly made commodious routes; but the Northern invaders who succeeded to them in Gaul may possibly have allowed those roads to fall into disrepair, or, what was worse, to become infested with robbers who would thus naturally enough divert the tide of travellers between France and England from Boulogne to Quentovic, though the distance between these two ports is only about sixteen miles.

The robbers in question, however, must have lain low when Charlemagne, in the course of his progresses through his vast Empire, came to Quentovic in the year 787—to Quentovic where there was a mint which made his coins. Later on (in 799) he returned to the place and was so struck by its natural advantages as a port that he gave orders for the carrying out of certain naval and military measures against the renewed incursions of the Northern pirates.

To these Scandinavian sea-reivers Quentovic had always offered a peculiarly strong temptation, seeing that it formed a central mart, or

emporium, where the merchants from all parts of France sent or brought their wares—making it a kind of Leipzig or Nijni-Novgorod fair of the time, and it was on the dates of these periodical fairs that the rapacious Northmen ever tried to time their unwelcome visitations. On one of these occasions they glided up the Canche and, glaive in hand, fell upon the unsuspecting town, seizing all its stores of wealth, and reducing to ashes what of the place they did not hold to ransom. It was in consequence of these repeated visitations of fire and sword from the plundering Norsemen that, by the end of the ninth century, Quentovic had practically ceased to exist, and on the bed of its ashes, or near it, there had arisen a new town called "Stapula," or "Stapulae," now known as Etaples, the circumstances of whose origin are still dimmed by the mists of an obscure antiquity.

How had the renovated relics of Quentovic come by the name of Stapula, or Stapulae? The answer offered by archæologists is that "Stapulae" is the Latin equivalent of the Romanised Greek word "Emporium," which had been applied to Quentovic as a mart (1); and it is certain at any rate that, in the time of Charlemagne, the management of this mart had been confided to an official, termed "Praefectus Emporii," "President of the Chamber of Commerce" at Quentovic, so to speak. In the time of Charles the Bald this office had become so high and honourable that its holder, one Grippon, was sent by his Sovereign on a special embassy to the King of England, probably to negotiate a commercial treaty. But when Quentovic finally fell before the brands and the fire-brands of the ravaging Norsemen, the only thing about it which seems to have survived, and to have passed to

(1) The word is the same as the English "Staple," which is used in the same sense—wool-staple, &c.

its successor, was the name of "Stapulae"—the popular equivalent of "*Emporium Quentovici.*" This explanation is not without its superfine subtleties and obscurities, but it is all that historians have hitherto been able to offer us as to the origin of the present little fishing town of Etaples.

For many years Stapulae, or Etaples, as we shall now call it, continued to play an important part in the troubled drama of the tenth century; but for Englishmen perhaps the most interesting fact in its further history was the founding of the Church of St. Michael in the year 1004—just sixty-two years before the Norman Conquest. That this Church was built by Englishmen is beyond all doubt, seeing that the fact is commemorated in Roman characters on the first left-hand pillar of the nave, thus: — AN°· MIL°· qAtO· HEC ‖ FVit· ECCSA· Ab· ‖ ANgLiS· EDIFTA·; or, in full: *Anno millesimo quarto haec fuit Ecclesia ab Anglis edificata;* that is to say: "In the year one thousand and four this Church was built by Englishmen." But what kind of Englishmen? Exiles or architects? For there are two theories of the Church's origin—one being that the English in question were political and religious refugees—Huguenots, or Pilgrim Fathers of the tenth century, so to speak—who had fled from their country about the year 983 to escape the persecutions of the Danes, and formed a British colony on the Canche; while others will have it that, being skilful artisans in stone, they were merely invited over to France (as German and Italian builders were in the Middle Ages to England) in order to raise a religious structure for the Stapulanians. Be that, however, as it may, there stands the Church of these itinerant "Angli" to this very day, and the style of its architecture bears an indubitable likeness to edifices of the same age which still survive in England.

Whatever their genius for commerce, the Stapulanians in question seem to have been singularly devoid of any talent for architecture, for as their Church had to be built for them by the English, so also Matthew of Alsace, Count of Boulogne, had to call in foreign builders to construct their castle (in 1172), which stood near the site of the present cemetery, though not a single vestige of it now remains.

But not only had the English been constructively active at Etaples. For if they built its principal Church, they also burned and pillaged the town six times at least in thirty-two years, beginning with 1346—the date of Crécy; and probably also it was the similar object of their fury after Agincourt. Lying as it did in the very middle of the region which served as the battle-arena of France and England throughout their Hundred Years' War, Etaples formed the key of the military position; and as it had ever been the chief victim of war, so it was also accorded the principal honour of peace. For it was here that, on 3rd November, 1492, there was signed a treaty between Charles VIII. of France and Henry VII. of England, whereby peace was secured between the two countries for the remainder of the lives of their respective Sovereigns, and—curiously enough—for a year after the death of the survivor of the two.

And yet in 1546 the English were again busy at their old and baneful trade, for in the chronicle of that year we find this oft-repeated entry: "*Etaples brûlée par les Anglais.*" In the following year, again at Etaples, "ratification of the treaty of peace between France and England, which had been signed at London." But these treaties of peace never seem to have lasted very long. For again, in 1580, we read: "Etaples, forming as it does the frontier to Artois and England, its inhabitants are compelled to be on the alert on all occasions."

Being thus on the outlook in the year 1588 they testified that "the coast from Dunkerque to Etaples was strewn with corpses and wreckage"—the *débris* of the Spanish Armada. And, by the way, the records of Etaples are curiously rich in their mention of English vessels which had been wrecked and lost on its sandy coast, especially during the last hundred years, though that was before the two lofty lighthouses (completed in 1852), which now tower above the forest of Le Touquet, threw their electric beams far out on the dark, nocturnal sea.

The records of Etaples are full of interesting enough episodes of the local kind; and one at least of her sons, Jacques Lefèvre (b. 1436), played a most important and even history-making part in the intellectual and religious movement of his time. But it was only at the beginning of the present century that the little place again threatened to become the cradle of world-historical events such as it had been in the time of Julius Cæsar, and the reiving Norsemen, and Charlemagne, and Charles VIII. of France. For another Cæsar had arisen in the person of Napoleon Buonaparte, and, like his great Roman prototype, he contemplated the conquest of England as a coping-stone to the glorious edifice of his victories. For this purpose, in the year 1803, he began to assemble a huge army of invasion at Boulogne, and to mass a left wing to this army between Etaples and Montreuil.

Under the Revolution, Etaples had lost all its ancient privileges; and thus it was that, when Napoleon reached this place (29th June, 1803) in the course of a tour of inspection of his preparations for the invasion of England, he was received by the inhabitants with the greatest enthusiasm and lauded as a Divine genius who was at once to restore peace to the world and prosperity to the town of Etaples. In his address to the First Consul, the Mayor of the town—after

reciting all the glories of his military career—prophesied that Napoleon would still add to the blessings which he had already conferred on mankind by "avenging the crimes of a perfidious Government, and by soon proclaiming from the ruins of the Tower of London the eternal freedom of the seas and the repose of the world."

Napoleon was much impressed by the strategical possibilities of the Bay of Etaples, and gave orders for its immediate protection by earthwork batteries on either side of the Canche, as well as for the collection of 400 various vessels of light draught which should be ready to embark the left wing of his invading army, consisting of 24,000 men who lay encamped, under Marshal Ney, from Etaples to Montreuil. "We can never do without this port," wrote Napoleon to Admiral Bruix (1803). At the beginning of the following year (1804), he again returned to Etaples (1) and made a careful inspection of all the military preparations which had been carried out in the interval. The various camps had been constructed of wood taken from the forest of Hardelot, while even the Churches of Etaples had readily been yielded up by the townspeople to the imperious ruler whom they hailed as a "Second William the Conqueror." One of these Churches—Notre Dame de Foi—was converted into a naval hospital, while Saint Michel (which, as we have seen, had been built by the English at the beginning of the eleventh century) was partially utilised as a forage-magazine.

Never in the course of its long and varied history had Etaples presented such a picture of warlike preparation as now, the population

(1) On the occasion of his visit to Etaples, Napoleon was the guest of the Maire, M. Souquet, the room in which he slept being still kept as it was then. The present owner of the mansion, the grandson of Napoleon's entertainer, is a great authority on all questions connected with the history of Etaples, and he has a most interesting collection of local antiquities, dating from Roman times, which he is always willing to show to visitors.

of the town having been quintupled by the higher functionaries of the First Consul: and Napoleon himself had a hut (*baraque*) built on the right bank of the Canche for his personal accommodation. Either bank was fringed with batteries ready for the reception of any audacious English war-ships which might seek to come and interfere with all these bellicose arrangements; but they do not appear to have ever been called upon to give voice save when, in May, 1804, the First Consul was decreed an Imperial Crown, the event being acclaimed with a salvo of 200 guns; while "*on célébra cet évènement par une fête splendide dans une pâture du Puits d'Amour, où se réunirent les troupes de terre et de mer.*"

A year later (21st August, 1805) these troops indulged in a kind of dress-rehearsal of their embarkation for England, which only took them an hour and a half—"*on procéda au simulacre de l'embarquement qui fut exécuté en une heure et demie.*" But alas! for the hopes of the "Second William the Conqueror," this brilliant army, a few days later, received orders to avert its wistful gaze from the cliffs of Dover, and to make for the banks of the Rhine. The invasion of England was abandoned for the present, and "the troops quitted their camps, singing gaily as they went:—

"Adieu, péniches, plats bateaux,
Prâmes et canonnières,
Qui deviez porter sur les eaux
Nos vaillants militaires.
Vous, ne soyez pas si contents,
Messieurs de la Tamise:
Seulement pour quelques instants
La partie est remise."

Devoted as they had been to Napoleon I. the Stapulanians were also second to none in their loyalty to his nephew; for out of 509 electors, 493 joined to vote him an indemnity for his famous *coup d'Etat*,

while an equally large number subsequently declared themselves for the restoration of the imperial dignity in the person of Louis-Napoleon. It was partly, perhaps, in recognition of this loyalty to his person and policy that the Emperor, in 1858, presented to the Parish Church of Etaples "a fine statue of Saint Peter—the patron Saint of sailors," and that five years later, his Government decided to "canalise"—that is, regulate the course of—the River Canche through the estuary, a measure of which the utility and importance may best be judged of at low tide, and one which has been of the greatest value to the fishermen of the place.

For whatever its size and importance in past times, as the successor of Gravinum and Quentovic, Etaples—"*un simple chef-lieu de canton de l'arrondissement de Montreuil-sur-Mer*"—is now little more than a mere fishing village with a population of about 4,500. Fishing certainly is the staple industry of the place, and this is represented by about 70 smacks and boats, of which the daily going out and the coming in forms one of the most interesting features of the landscape. Etaples fish fetch a much higher price in Paris—to which the town consigns several tons daily—than those supplied to the Capital by Boulogne, seeing that, while the boats of the latter place generally remain at sea for at least forty-eight hours, their Stapulanian rivals content themselves with an outing of a night and a day at a time, and that thus their draughts are fresher on reaching the shore.

FISHERMEN ON THE CANCHE.
From a Painting by Eugene Chigot.

A PARADISE OF THE PICTURESQUE.

BUT while fishing is thus the staple industry of Etaples, the little town may also be said to have become the seat of another industry—of the exotic kind. For in their search for "fresh woods and pastures new" the artists, as well of the New World as of the Old, were quick to discover the advantages offered by Etaples and its neighbourhood as a picturesque scene of their peaceful activity, and in recent years the quiet, idyllic, little place has witnessed the formation of an artist colony recruited from France, England, Australia, America, Belgium, Germany and other countries. To realise the existence of this colony in the midst of the fishing population of the place it is only necessary to enter one or two of the chief restaurants of the town, of which the snug dining-rooms set apart for the international confraternity of the brush—like the "Auberge des Artistes," at Barbison, in the Forest of Fontainebleau—have been converted into the quaintest and most interesting of picture-galleries by the emulous efforts of their frequenters in their social hours. Or a stroll through the pine woods of the neighbourhood may suddenly bring you to a little clearing where a snug cottage, of simple but most artistic interior, betrays the settlement of an American painter, well known to the frequenters of the Paris Salon, who has found the light nowhere purer or more favourable to the practice of his art than in the forest around the future Mayville.

Not only are the light and air in the highest degree dry and favourable to the painter; but he also finds that the country between

sylvan Montreuil-sur-Mer — perched upon its Vauban-walled hill-top— and the sandy beach at Mayville, by way of La Calotterie and Villiers, is one continuous paradise of the picturesque which it would take an artistic life-time to exhaust. And as for models of both sexes—are they not most cheaply procurable in any numbers and variety among the unsophisticated population of Etaples? Thus it is no wonder that French artists like Daubigny, Jules Bréton, Japy, and Eugène Chigot, the well-known and popular artist, have made Etaples and its neighbourhood their creative home; and that their English confrères like Whistler, Phil May, Linley Sambourne, Dudley Hardy and others have also found their way repeatedly to this painter's paradise.

But in addition to all its attractions for the artist, Etaples and its neighbourhood also offer a field of engrossing interest to the archæologist, as must be clear from the history of the place which we have endeavoured to outline. In the course of that history, as we have seen, Etaples was repeatedly ruined by the English; and now it promises to be restored to something of its pristine prosperity by the employment of English capital and enterprise in its near vicinity. That will be an act of historical justice of the best kind, and one which will strengthen the claim of Mayville, as a common pleasure-ground for the peoples of France and England, to act as a powerful means of promoting and extending the good feeling already existing between the two nations.

A CHALET AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANCHE.
L. CORDONNIER, LILLE, ARCHITECT.

SHOOTING AND FISHING.

A PARADISE of the picturesque for artists, as well as an interesting field of historical research for the antiquary, the neighbourhood of Mayville also offers attractions to the sportsman. In the fields and woods around may be found hares, quail, grey partridges, rail, snipe, pheasants, woodcock, and rabbits. At certain seasons, too, December in particular, the estuary of the Canche is visited by flocks of wild duck, which afford excellent sport to the gunner; wild swans, too, are frequently to be met with, while the Mayville woods and the fine sandy beach from the Canche to the Authie—a distance of ten miles—are haunted by a great variety of gulls and other birds (1). It is necessary to explain that the ground on either side of the estuary of the Canche is State property, and that the French law permits anyone who has a gun licence, which is procurable for a small sum, to go in pursuit of game on such unreserved or unlet Government domains. Otherwise special arrangements must be made with private landowners, as in England. But the sea-beach is free to all, and in addition to the fur and feathers above enumerated, seals are occasionally to be met with at the mouth of the Canche, while the river itself, with its overhanging willows, osiers and alder-bushes, is tenanted by the lurking otter. This is a proof that there is toothsome enough prey for the otter in the placid stream, and in truth it contains trout, salmon-trout, and other fish affording sport to the angler. Nor would our enumeration of the contents of the Canche be complete without allusion to the oyster-beds which have been established at its mouth with the view of adding to the seasonable table-delicacies of the frequenters of Mayville.

(1) Among these may be mentioned the Teal, Plover, Lapwing, Grallic, Sandpiper, Ruff, Dunlin, Sea-lark, Turnstone, Godwit, Spoonbill, Heron, Black-tern, Cormorant, Curlew, Oyster-Catcher, &c.

BOATING, YACHTING AND SKATING.

WHILE thus the Canche from Mayville to Montreuil—a distance of over ten winding, wooded miles—offers a very fine boating stretch for the aquatic sportsman pure and simple, it also presents attractions to the English oarsman superior in some respects even to those of his own native Thames. For while the scenery of the Canche is just as picturesque, in its own "nature-unadorned-by-art" way, as that of the Thames, the course of the oarsman between Mayville and Montreuil is not interrupted, as between, say, Richmond and Henley, by occasional locks; and thus, if he chooses, he may have a steady spell of pulling for over ten miles, unless, indeed, he prefers to ship his oars at such a picturesque riverside village as Enocq, or Beutin, or Attin, and refresh himself at the *estaminet* with an omelette and a rabbit hash accompanied by a flask of wholesome *ordinaire*.

Every bend of the winding river will bring him to some new and ever charming point of view, and as he swings along he will forget his fatigue in the pleasure of gazing at the undulating landscape which stretches from the lighthouse towers of Mayville to the fortressed heights of old-world Montreuil. Arrived there he can moor his boat at the most romantic-looking of water-mills and mount the narrow, rugged streets, strongly redolent of the historic past, to the quaint old inn, with its cobbled courtyard trellised with vines and creepers, whose charms even tempted Laurence Sterne to take his ease in it for several days in the

ETAPLES FISHING SMACK AT THE MOUTH OF THE CANCHE.

course of his "Sentimental Journey" from London to Paris. Then, when the tide begins to ebb—for at certain times the tide mounts the river as far as Montreuil—he can re-enter his boat and return to Mayville with the double force of oar and current.

But not only to the boating man will the Canche prove a virgin stream. For his more ambitious brother in aquatic pleasure, the yachtsman, will have to seek well before he finds on the North-west coast of France better and more commodious harbourage for his craft than in the estuary of the river. Here he can come ashore and taste of pleasures and pursuits which are not within his reach at many other watering-places in the North of France, or indeed in the South of England; and the Isle of Wight ought to prove but a stepping-stone, or point of departure, to Etaples. There is, indeed, no reason why Mayville should not become a kind of French Cowes, where the yachtsmen of England, France and America may indulge in the annual contests which are meanwhile, as far as France is concerned, mainly confined to Nice.

That the estuary of the Canche offers good accommodation for yachts may be inferred from the fact, previously referred to, (p. 10) that, when preparing for the invasion of England in 1803, Napoleon collected at Etaples a very large fleet of vessels of light draught; and the estuary will soon be better than ever for the purpose of anchorage. For the French Government has authorised the Ministry of Public Works to extend the breakwater and open out the mouth of the Canche, and this improvement will be carried out in 1897.

Mayville, too, claiming to be a winter as well as a summer resort, will offer facilities to the Skating as well as the Yachting Clubs of England and France; and the drier air of this part of the French Coast will doubtless prove a great attraction to those skaters who have at present to be satisfied with the more humid atmosphere of England.

CYCLING AND RIDING.

AND then where will the cyclist find such a splendid field for the gratification of his healthy pastime as in the region round about Mayville? For the scenery is everywhere as charming as it is ever changing, and in no country are the roads more numerous or better kept than they are in France. While the district, too, is undulating, it presents no stiff gradients, and the wheelman need seldom get off his machine in the course of a long day's ride. From one particular point of view also the roads in France are very much better fitted for cycling than those in England, seeing that they are but rarely lined with hedges; and it must be owned that, although our English lanes are very lovely, they are also rather lungless, and do not permit of that free respiration of the air which may be enjoyed on a hedgeless road. Soldiers on the march are well aware of the difference, and in route-marching lanes are always avoided as much as possible.

It may also be safely averred that nowhere on the coast of England is there such a stretch of hard sandy beach—devoid of shingle—suitable for cycling, as that which extends between Mayville at the mouth of the Canche and Berck at the mouth of the Authie—a distance of about ten miles. With a fair wind the wheelman can skim along this broad expanse

of smooth and solid sand like a sea-bird, and perhaps even he will develop a novel form of his pastime in the shape of a cycle equipped with sails.

But what is said of the attractions of the beach for cyclists equally applies to horse-back riders, who may enjoy a morning or afternoon's gallop along the sands between the Canche and the Authie at once of the safest and most invigorating kind.

GOLF.

NOR is the neighbourhood of Mayville less suitable for the game of golf, for which a four-mile course is being laid out among the dunes that lie between the pine-wood and the beach; so that the golfer can here pursue his eager rounds while inhaling a fragrant and bracing blend of sea and forest air. There are but few four-mile golf courses in all England where the lines between the holes do not cross; but this one at Mayville will be entirely free from this defect with all its attendant drawbacks. While abounding in natural bunkers, the Mayville course is one of the best available for English golfers, and as it may be reached in less than five hours from Charing Cross or Victoria Stations, it ought to offer a powerful attraction to lovers of this game. (1)

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(1) On this subject, Mr. Whitley received the following reports from Mr. J. H. Taylor, of Winchester, who held the Golf Championship during two successive years, and from Mr. William Fernie, of Troon, N.B., another Ex-Champion, who is now laying out the course :—

MR. FERNIE'S REPORT.

"November 2nd, 1896.

"I can make as good a Links at Mayville as any I know. The Links will be as large as, and if necessary they could be made larger than, any I have seen, as there is more ground than is required for an 18-hole Course. The Mayville Golf Links, which are situated on the main line of Calais—Boulogne—Paris, can be reached within five hours from London and four hours from Paris. The bracing and invigorating character of the air ought to make the Links a favourite spot for Golf-players. The Links itself has the right sort of turf, and the hazards, waterbrooks and large natural sand-bunkers of beautiful sands are all that could be desired."

MR. TAYLOR'S REPORT.

"November 5th, 1896.

"Having inspected the ground for the proposed Golf Links at Mayville, I am strongly of opinion that, if properly laid out, it will make one of the largest and very best courses I know, as the natural conformation of the ground is admirably adapted for the game—having plenty of hazards, consisting of water brooks and big natural sand-bunkers, whilst the turf itself is of the right sort for Golf Links.

"The course is splendidly situated between the Sea and Pine Woods covering over 2,000 acres, on the main line from Calais—Boulogne to Paris, and I have no hesitation in saying that, when the Links are known, Mayville will be a favourite resort for Golfers."

"*The London and Paris Golf Club*," with Links at Mayville, is in course of formation; and, when constituted, it will be affiliated to the "British Club" at Paris, whose rooms are at the Grand Hôtel there. The latter Club was organised by Mr. Austin Lee, C.B., of the British Embassy, assisted by Mr. John Whitley, the founder of the "Welcome Club," which formed one of the most attractive social features of his Four National Exhibitions at Earl's Court, London.

THE WOODS AT MAYVILLE.

ALTHOUGH the open sea and beautiful sands afford some of the finest sea-bathing to be had anywhere, yet the pine woods are the special feature of attraction which will give value to the site, as they lend themselves to treatment which must result in making the resort a very charming one. The domain is believed to be the only one on the Northern coast of France which possesses so extensive a sea-front, backed the whole way by pine woods. It is this combination of sea-air, with the hygienic effect of the pines, which renders the site unique, and explains why no epidemic has ever visited it. The owners of the estate have stipulated that no hospital shall be erected thereon. A hard sandy beach, walks and drives through 2,000 acres of woods, and no hospitals, are factors which indicate this spot as a paradise for children.

The woods at Mayville are as remarkable as they are almost unique along the coast-line of the Atlantic. Nature left to itself, seldom, if ever, favours spontaneous forest growth along the shores of a stormy sea, and so man comes to her aid. What Bremontier did in the Landes of Gascony during the latter part of last century, in clothing the desolate wastes of that coast with tree growth, the late owner of Le Touquet domain essayed to do fifty years later, the result being the extensive and beautiful woods that we see at Mayville to-day. It is difficult to imagine, as we wander through the shady woods of fragrant pines that, when Queen Victoria began to reign, the present delightful

Mayville woods were the barren ramparts of restless sand dunes, such as may still be seen in the immediate neighbourhood. The planter of Mayville followed the lead of Bremontier in planting the only pine that can withstand the fury of the Atlantic storms. This pine, being so deep-rooting, fixes the sand, and by its dense growth gives grateful shelter both winter and summer. It is *pinus pinaster*, the *pinastre* or *pin maritime* of the French, the most resinous of all the pines, the most productive of turpentine, and consequently the most fragrant. It is one of the pines to which the salubrity of Bournemouth is attributed, but where one tree of it exists at Bournemouth there are a thousand at Mayville, as it is the chief component of a wood several square miles in extent.

When the outer barrier of pines became sufficiently established to stay the force of the sea winds, the shelter afforded by the pines invited colonies of deciduous trees, native to that part of France, so that now there are intermingled with the pines the familiar silver birch (*bouleau blanc*), white and black poplar (*peuplier blanc et noir*), the alder (*aulne*), willows (*saule*) of many species, besides various other trees that are less gregarious, forming themselves into picturesque natural groups, and with their foliage greens of various shades serve as a foil to the sombre hues of the pines. The planters have added a host of others, such as the black Italian poplar, white beam, spruce, mountain ash, and bird cherry, which mingle with the natural growth in a charming way. The wood has a rich flora of its own, a veritable paradise for the botanist and painter, and a fauna such as one would expect to find in the solitudes of a great wood. All night and even through the day, one hears the music of the nightingale, and a multitude of other birds find a home in the quietude of the place.

MAYVILLE WOODS.

In the open glades the wealth and variety of wild flowers charms everyone. On the hills one sees delightful colonies of violas, veronicas, lychnis, epilobiums, and chrysanthemums. In the valleys one comes upon rich meadows of moisture lovers, such as the marsh orohis (*O. latifolia*), which here grows a foot and a half high, the fly trap (*drosera*), water irises, willow herb, marsh marigold (*caltha*), and others too numerous to make a list of. In the shade of the woods the mossy banks are in many places clothed with that delightful and rare plant, *pyrola rotundifolia*, very seldom found in England, and considered a treasure by anyone who finds it in the woods of the Engadine. The variety here is called arenaria, as it only affects sandy shores. It is even more beautiful than the type, bearing throughout June tall scented spikes of Lily-of-the-Valley-like flowers. The shade flower is almost as rich as the open, and at every turn one comes upon some plant that arrests attention. As we pursue noiseless tracks in the woods our carpet is of vervain, mint and margolaine, which, when crushed give out their rich and pungent penetrating perfumes, adding to the charms of the walk.

At various high points in the woods, a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country may be enjoyed. Beyond the woods there is on the one hand the broad expanse of smooth sands and the sea, on the other, extensive views of one of the most beautiful parts of France, charming in its diversity of hill and dale, river and wood, town and homestead, varying constantly in colour from the ever-changing light one enjoys along a coast, so that one does not ask why this delightful spot is the home or rendezvous of artists from all parts of the world.

"Argenteuil is the most famous place in France for asparagus culture, but it must have a close rival at Le Touquet, for the asparagus I ate

there, for size, flavour and succulency, dwells in my memory. This is not surprising, seeing that asparagus is a native of this part ; one sees it everywhere in the woods by the shore, and the soil and climate are conducive to its finest growth," (1) while the gardens of Le Touquet are celebrated for their asparagus, green peas, potatoes and other vegetables, and the woods for their delicious strawberries.

(1) The above description of the Mayville Woods is based on a report by W. Goldring, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society of England, Kew. (*See p.* 28.)

THE LIGHTHOUSE GARDENS AT MAYVILLE.

WALKS IN THE MAYVILLE WOODS.

MAYVILLE.

(PICARDY.)

" Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
" Angulus ridet."—*Horace.*

MUCH then is the historical and natural setting of the sea-side region where Mr. Whitley intends to create for the inhabitants of London and Paris, with their eight millions of inhabitants, within a morning's journey of each city, a health and pleasure resort, with a sufficient number of advantages and improvements to justify the appellation of a new departure. (1)

He proposes to lay out the new resort with such regard to the rules of sanitation on the one hand, and artistic effect on the other, that those visiting it once will wish to return. A seaside home and summer and winter pleasaunce will be founded which shall be truly hygienic, and also pleasing, in construction, affording a choice of manly sports and pastimes such as no place on the coast of France can now offer. With its fine exposure to the bracing air of the Atlantic, its open sea and sands, with the nerve-strengthening tonic of 2,000 acres of pine woods, with fertile inland country abounding in provision for the sustenance of large numbers of visitors, this beautiful coast is admirably fitted to accommodate the many thousands of persons in England and France, and even America, to whom its geographical situation renders it convenient.

(1) Mayville can be reached from London either by way of Boulogne (S. E. Railway) or by Calais (L. C. & D. Railway), the former three-quarters of an hour and the latter one and a half hours distant, and a pleasant break can thus be made for refreshments at Calais or Boulogne by visitors from England. Under the arrangements to be entered into, an accelerated service of trains will permit of the distance between London and Mayville being accomplished in about four hours and a half, thus adding to the unique advantages to be offered by the new resort that of being the nearest foreign pleasaunce to London. The sea-passage from Dover is only seventy minutes, and from Folkestone about half an hour more. (To Ostend, Dieppe and Trouville the journey is much longer.) The two Light-houses at Le Touquet are visible from Folkestone and Hastings.

As a rule fashionable seaside resorts are the reverse of hygienic, owing to the close proximity of some badly-drained old fishing village. Mayville (Le Touquet) is well removed from all such insalubrious neighbourhoods, situated as it is between the sea and pine woods. It is well known that the reaction consequent upon the return of convalescents from a high Alpine climate to the lower levels in and about London often outweighs the good effects obtained. Attention is therefore drawn to the fact that more permanent benefit may be assured by a temporary residence between pine woods and the sea, in the invigorating climate of Mayville.

The French have adopted the healthful custom of an annual migration to the sea, and are joined in their pilgrimage by those to whom the national gaiety, combined with French cookery and excellent organisation, renders delightful a sojourn in this favoured land. Many Englishmen and Americans who prefer to enjoy a complete change, not only of air, of language, and of diet, but also freedom, for a time, from many of the irritating conventionalities of English life, habitually cross the Channel to spend a holiday on the Continent. They will be happy to have the opportunity of paying "*la belle France*" the compliment of selecting a site for pleasant gatherings within her borders, and it is gratifying to reflect that this cannot but tend to cement the friendly relations already existing between the French and Anglo-Saxon races, relations which, at Mayville in Picardy, should be characterised by the spirit expressed in the proverb of that province: "*Franc comme un Picard.*"

The open sea, the bracing air, the beautiful sands, the fine sea-bathing, the pine woods and the picturesque surroundings are natural features, which in themselves give very great value to Mayville; and the intention of *La Cie. de Mayville* is, by giving access to and developing these features, to establish an Anglo-French Pleasaunce, combining all the

ON THE MAYVILLE DUNES.

THE TWO LIGHTHOUSES AT MAYVILLE.

best amenities and attractions of the most favourite English and Continental fashionable pleasure-resorts within about four hours' journey of London and Paris.

Mayville has already been referred to as a "Half-way House," no less of pleasure than of business ; and by this it is meant that it will offer facilities to business men in Paris and London to save half the transit between the two Capitals by meeting half-way and transacting their affairs under the most agreeable conditions. To summarise :—

(*a*) The sea beach is as good as that of Biarritz or Ostend.

(*b*) The woodlands and pine forest are much more extensive than those at Bournemouth.

(*c*) It will be an easy task to reproduce in the woods some of the most pleasing features of Aix-les-Bains, Spa and Homburg.

(*d*) The Atlantic frontage and sea breezes are as fine as those of Ilfracombe.

(*e*) The railway service, with the short line to be made forthwith, from Etaples to Mayville, will be equal to that of any seaside town in England or France. (1)

(*f*) Mayville will be a half-way meeting place for Paris and London business men.

(*g*) The water is excellent, as certified by Government analysts.

(*h*) The town will be a model of sanitation.

(*i*) Sports and amusements will be organised by the Company.

(*j*) Hotels, restaurants, &c., of the best modern type only, will be erected by concessionnaires and subsidiary companies.

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(1) The Provisional Order from the Council-General of the Pas-de-Calais, authorising the construction of this line, has been obtained by the co-operation of the North of France Railway Company, with which an understanding has been come to for the working of the line on terms satisfactory to *La Compagnie de Mayville.*

The walks and drives in the pine woods of Le Touquet would alone suffice to render Mayville a favourite resort, but other attractions will be forthcoming, viz. :—Several handsome and well managed hotels ; a club and casino, containing theatre, concert hall, and ball room (with moveable roof permitting of *al fresco* entertainments) ; zoological pleasure grounds and lake ; a "pré-catelan" like the one in the Bois-de-Boulogne ; an Anglo-French circulating library and reading room ; a "Louvre" bazaar and market ; a race-course, available also for trotting matches ; golf links ; cricket field ; football and baseball ground ; tennis courts ; polo ground ; a ride through the woods for equestrians ; riding school ; cycling track ; gymnasium and salle d'armes ; Turkish baths ; &c. Excellent orchestral music will of course be provided. A picture gallery in the casino will be opened to artists and sculptors, who will, doubtless, obtain many commissions from visitors. A miniature pony-tramway, like the one in the Bois-de-Boulogne at Paris, will be provided in certain parts of the domain. The general architectural supervision of Mayville has been entrusted to Mr. Charles Garnier, architect of the Paris Grand Opera House, and of the Casino and Gardens at Monte Carlo, &c., and to Mr. Thomas W. Cutler, Fellow and Member of Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Fellow and Member of Council of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, &c., assisted by other well-known French and English colleagues.

The plans for the laying out of the whole estate are being settled by a committee of well-known English and French authorities and experts, assisted by Mr. W. Goldring, of Kew, Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society ; Landscape and Garden Architect to the Baroda State Government, and one of the leading specialists in park and garden design in England.

The " Regulations " will ensure that the town shall be as beautiful to look at, as it will be good to live in.

La Compagnie de Mayville propose to construct a promenade and carriage-drive, planted with tamarisk, facing the sea. This and the one at Paris-Plage will provide a continuous promenade of over three miles along the sea-front. Subsidiary companies will be licensed by *La Cie. de Mayville* to erect a promenade pier and provide other amenities and attractions.

Prizes will be offered at international competitions connected with the various sports above mentioned, and as many as possible of these will be held in the pine woods, as is the case in the Bois-de-Boulogne at Paris.

THE ESTATE.

THAT portion of the Mayville Estate which fronts the sea comprises 1,633,500 square metres [about 400 acres] of freehold land, having a sea frontage of 3¼ kilometres (2 miles), and a depth of 500 metres, or half a kilometre, in addition to the woods behind, which cover several square miles. The adjoining beach to the North is that of Paris-Plage, and it already contains about 250 châlets, villas, &c. (1) To the South, several miles distant, is the seaside resort of Berck, with about 2,000 châlets, villas, &c., although a few years ago there were not 50 houses in Berck. The Paris Municipality have one of the best hospitals for children in France there; and Baroness James de Rothschild has her summer residence also at Berck, owing to the purity of the South-western winds from the Atlantic, which do not touch either the South of England or the North of France.

If any argument were needed to show why Mayville cannot help becoming a success from every point of view it would be found in a study of the circumstances connected with the rise and prosperity of the neighbouring watering-places of Berck and Paris-Plage. Without any of the natural embellishments of Mayville in respect of woods and scenery, Berck, within the last few years, has attracted a large number, not only of casual, but also of annual visitors, who have purchased plots of ground

(1) During the season of 1894, as far as can be ascertained, Paris-Plage was the only French watering-place where there was an increase in the number of visitors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, over that of 1893, and during the summer seasons of 1895 and 1896 the number of visitors was unprecedentedly large.

for the erection of private châlets; while the demand for building ground at Paris-Plage has now become equally great. (1)

What was wanting to make this portion of the coast the most favoured spot in the North of France was a *full-gauge* railway, connecting it with the system of the Chemin de Fer du Nord; and at the instance of Mr. Whitley, the preliminary Order in Council for the construction of such a line from Etaples to Mayville—a distance of about three miles through the Mayville woods—has been obtained for a period of fifty years, from the Conseil-Général of the Pas-de-Calais. On the completion of the line, which will be worked by the North of France Railway Co. on terms satisfactory to *La Cie. de Mayville*, visitors will be conveyed from Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Arras, Lille, Amiens, and other large towns direct to Mayville, without the delay and inconvenience, which is now experienced by visitors, of being compelled to take omnibuses and carriages at Etaples. On the contrary, they will be able to book direct to Mayville, from London, Paris, Lille, and other centres, without having to change carriages at Etaples.

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(1) In this connection it may be well to quote a letter written (in April, 1896) to Mr. Whitley by M. Godin, Mayor of Cucq, the rural commune in which the Mayville estate is situated :—

"On all sides I hear that your splendid scheme of Mayville is about to be realised. I wish it every success. It cannot be otherwise, if we consider the prosperity of Paris-Plage, where the land increases in value from day to day, the present price being 35 francs to 40 francs per square metre on the sea-front, 10 francs to 15 francs in the second zone, and in the same proportions for the third and fourth zones. These prices are within my own knowledge, and therefore I am able to certify them. Furthermore, I am assured that an owner of land on the sea-front at Paris-Plage has had an offer of 45 francs per square metre and has refused to sell under 50 francs. All this is an excellent augury for the success of your—I was going to say our—Mayville, since this so much to be desired resort will form part of the Commune of Cucq."

The above may be supplemented by an extract from a report by Messrs. Geo. Trollope and Sons, Contractors and Estate Agents, 7, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, London :—

"From enquiries which we have made we find that the land at Paris-Plage, immediately adjoining Mayville, is now selling on the sea-front at from 35 to 40 francs per square metre, with proportionate prices for the back land, and we are of opinion, when the short branch line into Mayville is completed, and the other proposed developments have been carried out that land at Mayville should certainly command higher prices than those at Paris-Plage."

That the construction of this branch line from Etaples—an important junction on the main line of the North of France Railway, the whole of the traffic between Calais—Boulogne and Paris passing through this station—must greatly enhance the value of the Mayville property, need scarcely be pointed out. But there is another fact which also ought to weigh with intending purchasers of land ; and this is the fact that Mayville will practically be self-creating. It will, in truth, be possible to construct it out of the sand which is there. For Mr. Whitley has secured from the inventor—Mr. William Owen, of London—the right of using the "Owen" Stone process (which Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co., by the way, have purchased for South Africa) within a radius of ten miles of the Mayville Estate—a process which has been proved to convert sand into solid, durable and finished building material, costing much less than natural stone, and without the added expense of transport.

A SUNSET AT MAYVILLE.

THE ENVIRONS.

IN its present natural state nothing could be finer than the appearance of the undulating pine forest of Mayville with its wealth of fragrant wild flowers. What, then, will be its charms when its mazes are diversified with a race-course, polo, cricket, tennis and golfing grounds; when its bowery hillocks and leafy nooks are studded with kiosks, grotto-restaurants and châlets; and when, above all, its seaside front is fringed with graceful villas, hotels, casinos, promenades and pier, and all the other adornments and amenities of a first-class pleasure-resort. Certainly no other seaside place in England, Belgium or the North of France will present a better combination of natural and artistic attractions—a place where the best social elements of France and England may meet and mingle as they have never done before.

But if thus the seaside attractions of Mayville will be as engrossing as unique, the interest of its environs is also of a very charming kind. It was the Germans who first invented the theory that the State which appropriates a section of sea-board is also entitled to extend its influence to a corresponding depth into the interior; and thus it is that Mr. Whitley, on the strength of this Hinterland doctrine, has likewise extended his "sphere of interest" far "into the bowels of the land"—to the famous battlefield of Crécy in the South, to the still more famous plain of Agincourt in the East, and Northwards to the historic Château of Hardelot, where peace negotiations were conducted between the Ambassadors of France and England three and a half centuries ago.

THE CHÂTEAU D'HARDELOT. (1)

THIS historic place, so intimately associated with the memory of Henry VIII., is, from the pictorial point of view, perhaps the most attractive of any in all the neighbourhood. It is beautifully situated between Etaples and Boulogne, about one and a half miles from the sea, and invites a most charming drive from Mayville. Standing in an undulating, almost hilly country, the Château is very striking and picturesque.

From the lodge gates the main building is approached by a winding avenue, at the end of which is the old gateway, completely hidden by ivy, opening on to a circular drive up to the castle terrace, round garden and tennis lawn, the whole completely surrounded by high walls and ancient towers. From the old tower of the château a most extensive and beautiful view is obtained.

The Château stands on the site of a Roman fortification, concerning which we have no definite particulars, but it is probable that some

(1) Several gentlemen who are interested in the development of Mayville, and who consider that Hardelot would serve admirably as an interesting and historical annex to the new Resort, propose purchasing the Château, with its 55 acres, and converting it into a high-class Restaurant. The intention is to run four-in-hand coaches from Boulogne-sur-Mer, and later from Mayville, to the Château d'Hardelot, which is to be luxuriously furnished as a Club, Pleasure-Resort and Restaurant, for the very best class of wealthy and fashionable members of French, English and American society. The Chef, the Maître d'Hôtel, and the servants will be selected by connoisseurs of repute. The furniture, decorations, cutlery, silver, linen, &c., will, as far as practicable, be those of the time of François 1er. Orchestral Music and Concerts of a high-class character will constitute one of the principal features. The out-door attractions will include Cricket, Lawn Billiards, Tennis, Boating, and Fishing. The roads for miles around are excellent for cycling.

LE CHATEAU D'HARDELOT.
LOOKING WESTWARD.

LE CHATEAU D'HARDELOT.
LOOKING NORTHWARD.

sort of post of defence was erected on the spot previous to Cæsar's invasion of Britain, *i.e.*, about 70 B.C. After this, for a time, we have no information whatsoever; the first eight centuries of the Christian Era were, in the fullest sense, dark ages, and it is only from the age of Charlemagne that documents exist which permit us to assign final and accurate dates. Contrary to the common idea that Hardelot was built in 1231, it is certain that it took its rise more than four centuries earlier under the supervision of the great Charles himself. In 811 Charlemagne personally superintended the completion of defensive works, intended to check the inroads of the Norsemen, and as we know that a small harbour was then in existence "under Hardelot," and that the Normans frequently landed towards Etaples, and lastly that it was used as a place of confinement in the last ten years of the ninth century, it becomes reasonably certain that Hardelot was one of Charlemagne's seashore fortresses. The reference to Hardelot is curious and definite, so that it is worth while to give it in full: "*Mercuritios plectitur, Columbaribus onerat et in Hardrei locum incarcerat.*" "He (that is Count Regnier) harasses the people of Marck, loads them with chains, and imprisons them in the stronghold of Hardelot." Regnier, it should be observed, was Count of Boulogne from 890 to 916.

Two centuries later we find two important documents dated from Hardelot, or, as it is termed therein, Ardrelo. These are two charters, the first a grant of land to the Church of Andres, the second a *magna charta* to the people of Boulogne, both made by Count Reinaldus and his wife Ida, at their castle of Hardelot. The first is dated 1194, the second 1203. In 1205, the rebellion of Count Reinaldus led to the destruction of the castle by order of Philip Augustus—this was after the death of Richard I. of England, during the troubles of John's reign.

It was not long, however, before this fine position was for the third time turned to good account. A few years afterwards Hardelot was rebuilt and enlarged by Philippe Hurepel, Count of Boulogne. It is owing to this circumstance that the Flemish chroniclers assign the date 1228 to the building of Hardelot. Yperius says of the Count, whose praises he is telling: "*Ipse œdificavit castrum Ardello*" (He built the Castle of Hardelot), but Philip, as we have already seen, was not the founder.

In 1261, Hardelot is referred to by name and described as a town (or district) in a deed executed between Arnold, of Wezemale, and his wife Alix, Countess of Duras, of the one part, and Guï of Chatillon, Count of St. Paul, and his wife *Madame* Mahaut, Countess of Artois, of the other part. In 1380, the English threatened to make a descent upon France through Boulogne, and the then Governor of Hardelot, Jean de la Gaurie, made special preparations to resist the inroad. From the time of Jean de la Gaurie for a period of four hundred years, that is till long after Hardelot had ceased to have any political importance, the list of Governors is complete, with one exception. Rymer (*Fœdera*) omits the surname of the Governor who surrendered the Castle to Sir Thomas Poynings, and who ruled (nominally) from 1544 to 1550. The events of these six years are very interesting and require a more lengthy treatment.

In 1544, Henry VIII. of England attacked France on the Western side, through the Boulonnais, while Charles V. invaded it through Champagne. Francis I. gave orders to fortify Boulogne and Hardelot, but these orders were inefficiently or insufficiently obeyed, and on the 29th July, 1544, Hardelot capitulated to Henry without resistance, not from any weakness in the defences of the place, but because it had been left without provisions and ammunition. Boulogne, meanwhile, was being besieged,

but both Henry and Francis were desirous of ending the useless warfare, and Cardinal du Behay, who had previously been Ambassador to England, was directed to superintend the negotiations. It was contrary to the understanding between Henry and Charles that either should treat separately with France, nevertheless each was prepared to make terms with France on his own account. Accordingly, on the 9th of September, a conference was opened at Hardelot, the English representatives being Lord Hertford, the Bishop of Winchester, Sir William Paget and Sir Richard Riche. The conference continued for some time, but Boulogne surrendered on the 14th of September, and negotiations were finally broken off. Henry wrote a very interesting letter on the subject to Catherine Parr, which is preserved in the Cottonian MSS., in which he mentions that he had appointed "our Castle of Hardelowe, whereof yowe have been advertised heretofore," as the meeting place of the Ambassadors. Henry died in 1547, and Hardelot was lost to England with our other possessions in Picardy in the reign of his daughter.

During the wars of the League, Hardelot was held by the King, then by the Leaguers, and again by the King, as the Governor de Roupel went over to the Royal side in 1589, and was confirmed in his office by the Duc d'Epernon. The destruction of the Castle by Philip Augustus has already been mentioned. Louis XIII. ordered its destruction for the second time for the same reason—the fear of a turbulent nobility. Thenceforth Hardelot has no political importance ; the Governor was deprived of his authority, and, though the title did not lapse, the holder thereof did not even live at Hardelot. Du Wicquet, writing in 1830, remarks that under the *ancien régime* the Dukes of Aumont had been Governors of Hardelot, but that the post was merely a sinecure worth a few thousand francs. The title of "Governor" requires some explanation :

it is not strictly speaking applicable till 1550, although the use of the word is justifiable. Jean de la Gaurie and his successors till 1550 are more properly termed *chatelains* : a governor was appointed at the time of the re-conquest, and in 1580 Governor was the official designation ; then the next governor is styled *portier*, but the next, in 1587, again received the title of *gouverneur*, and it was continued till the fall of the Monarchy in France.

Within the last century the castle became the property of Sir John Hare, from whom it was purchased in 1864 by the late proprietor, who erected the building as it now stands, the fourth Château d'Hardelot, with a lineage of twenty centuries.

MARKET DAY AT MONTREUIL.

MONTREUIL-SUR-MER.

THERE are certain towns in France, now but rarely visited, which in earlier epochs have played a conspicuous part in the history of the world. Of these, Montreuil-sur-Mer, twelve miles inland by road, viâ Etaples, and rather less by river, from Mayville, is one of the most remarkable. (1) Few Capitals have entertained within their walls so many royal and illustrious guests as this very small town of Picardy (now the Chef-lieu d'Arrondissement of the Département of the Pas-de-Calais), which in our days surveys sleepily from over its crown of decaying walls one of the loveliest sylvan prospects poet or painter could desire to sing or paint. These crumbling bastions, once sufficiently formidable to resist the armies of our Edwards and our Henries, are now mere ivy-draped ruins, picturesquely suggestive of the strength once theirs, but adding to a splendid landscape that touch of romance which hoar antiquity alone can impart. Sometimes, too, this sense is emphasized by an accident, as when, for instance, in contrast to these now useless vestiges of an iron age, a peasant is seen ploughing in the fields stretched at their feet, or a little child plucks gilly-flowers from among their fallen crests. These æsthetic charms and interests of a scene which combines the remains of the stateliest of man's achievements with the gentlest aspect of nature convert the half-hour's walk round the ramparts of Montreuil into a lasting

(1) But the prettier route from Mayville is by way of Trépied and Villiers—about fifteen miles.

memory, especially so if the pilgrim is in some measure acquainted with the extraordinary vicissitudes of the little city which these fortifications once guarded so faithfully as to render it for over a thousand years impregnable even to the combined forces of Spain and England.

The views vary at every turn, but always remain enchanting. On one side the River Canche glides peacefully along under trees, then emerges to freshen certain velvety pastures, and thence to lose itself in the valleys which recede gradually to the undulated horizon. The fine Priory of the Chartreuse of Nôtre-Dame-des-Prés, built on the slope of a neighbouring hill, reminds us that if feudality is now as prostrate as the dismantled walls originally built to protect its system, the Church it vainly tried to make its hand-maid survives majestically even in its most mediæval form—contemplative monasticism.

Turn we seaward, and the scene is, if anything, more exquisite, the shadows more tender, the greens and greys in spring more varied, whereas in summer the gold of the cornfields is surpassingly rich and conspicuous, for in this part of France the fashion of cultivating the land in sub-divided scraps, like a patchwork quilt, is almost unknown, and the fields and pastures have that breadth which forms the most admirable characteristic of our own glorious landscapes. Villages and homesteads nestle pleasantly in the dales, and the whole prospect is one of peace and prosperity. The jagged fragments of walls are, in places, all that remain of the rampart, which has been planted with avenues of lime trees on the innermost ring closest to the town, but in others the impressive procession of tower and bastion, preserved by the restorations of Vauban in the last century, is still intact, and at the time of the Franco-Prussian War the strengthening of this place was seriously contemplated as a means of additional defence against the encroachments of the Germans,

THE RAMPARTS, MONTREUIL

already as near as Amiens. That capricious but delicious vegetation which usually claims venerable ruins as its own, decorates profusely, and tenderly, too, this crumbling circle of masonry, edging it with cascades of clematis and honeysuckle, or protecting it by sturdy hedges of wall-flower and wild thyme.

Nor is the scene less striking if we turn our gaze townward. Here a labyrinth of quaint roofs, gable ends and picturesque chimney stacks zigzag up and down towards the old Parish Church, formerly a royal abbey, but now shorn of its twin towers, re-placed of late years by a queer Dutch-looking cupola. This sturdy old monastic fragment seems to entreat us to forgive its present poverty and only remember its quondam grandeur. It is the survivor of eight other great churches, once its pious neighbours, which in olden times sent up from the soil a perfect forest of spires and towers, whose bells for hundreds of years joined in jubilant peal for victory or mourful knell when defeat desolated the country and the little city, whose pulse of life once beat so feverishly, but now only with the drowsy regularity of time—beaten age anchored in the gentle shadow of a peaceful retreat.

How old is Montreuil? one asks over and over again when reading its strange story. The answer of the learned historian is vague. Cæsar may have stood on these ramparts, part of which still bear trace of Roman skill in masonry, as, for example, the foundations of the colossal tower known as the prison of Queen Bertha. But the early history of this singular fortified city is mythical and, being lost in the mist of age, is correspondingly nebulous—the imagination may, if it will, conjure up figures of Romans, Gauls, Vandals, Huns, Kings and Queens, Carlovingian, Plantagenet, Valois and Bourbon, saintly or otherwise, who

doubtless of a moonlight night pass round the venerable bastions in a sort of ghostly state which the cock-crow dispels sooner than the rising sun.

The interest of Montreuil for English people, independent of its remarkable position, is its singular connection with our own history. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages it was considered impregnable, on account of the strength of its fortifications, which protected both the town and castle, and was therefore frequently chosen as a royal residence. The province of Ponthieu, extending as far as Boulogne-sur-Mer on the one side, and almost to Amiens on the other, was created by the Carlovingian kings into a feudal county which remained fairly independent until the end of the thirteenth century, when it passed into the hands of an heiress, the Countess Marie de Ponthieu, who married a simple squire. Her daughter and heiress, Jeanne de Ponthieu, married Ferdinand, King of Castille. At her death, this Princess bequeathed the county of Ponthieu to her celebrated daughter, Blanche of Castille, who subsequently became Queen of England, as Consort of Edward I., "and to her heirs for ever." The inhabitants of Ponthieu, and especially those of Montreuil, refused to submit to British rule, and hence rose that series of celebrated wars rendered so gloriously memorable in our annals, as Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. Needless to say that after the death of Henry V., and mainly through the almost superhuman efforts of Joan of Arc, we lost Ponthieu and the rest of our French provinces, Calais alone remaining in our possession. For nearly two hundred years Montreuil was frequently besieged by the English under Edward I., Edward II. and Edward III., and Henry IV. and Henry V. In the sixteenth century it beheld our forces united to those of the Emperor Charles V. under its walls; but Montreuil never once fell into our hands, although, it is true, several of our kings spent a short time here, and the funeral procession of Henry V. passed through its

THE COURTYARD, HOTEL DE FRANCE. MONTREUIL.

streets. Amongst the illustrious visitors Montreuil has received within her walls we may mention Edward II., Edward III., Henry V., Louis XI., Francis I.,Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Anne of Austria, Louis XIV., and, in 1718, Peter the Great.

In 1804, the Emperor Napoleon I. visited the town and gave orders for the immediate repair of the fortifications. Odd to tell, he came accompanied by four gentlemen who rejoiced in the uneuphonious name of Cochon, so the wits of the Anti-Buonapartist Party declared that the Emperor had been brought thither by "four pigs."

In our time more peaceful visitors have come in flocks to admire the extreme beauty of the view from the walls, and to saunter about the old-world place. Victor Hugo, in 1830, for instance, who describes Montreuil in a chapter of "Les Misérables"; Michelet, too, and later A. Dumas and Pierre Loti, beside many a contemporary English author and artist. In the last century the excellent hostelry the "Hôtel de France" was graced by the presence of Laurence Sterne, who made here the acquaintance, if we are to take the "Sentimental Journey" for granted, of his immortal valet, La Fleur. Young, too, was here late in 1789, just before the Reign of Terror, and gives his usual jaundiced description of the place in his "Travels."

The Church of St. Saulve is, as already stated, but a fragment of the old abbey. The nave, however, is handsome, and the carving above the pillars remarkable. The west front is exceedingly beautiful, and has been well restored, thanks to the energy of the present learned Dean, who intends, when he has collected sufficient funds for the purpose, to re-build the chancel, destroyed by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. In the sacristy is an extremely interesting collection of church plate

saved from the greed of the revolutionists by the last abbess of St. Austreberthe, who hid them in the garden. The most beautiful specimen is a small coffer in the shape of a tomb containing the jaw of St. Eloy. It is certainly one of the best preserved specimens extant of Limoges enamel of the eleventh century. The abbatial staff of St. Austreberthe is also a beautiful specimen of silver chasing of the tenth century set with uncut gems. A reliquary of the sixteenth century is probably of Italian origin. The two Gothic reliquaries of the fifteenth century are also worthy of close study, their proportions being admirable.

Of the eight other churches, scarcely a vestige remains. Possibly the once famous Church of St. Austreberthe occupied the site of the chapel of a private school which has been formed out of a part of the abbey buildings, the rest being incorporated in the modern Artillery barracks. The old church and convent were burnt down in 1782, it was reported by an Englishman, named Seymour, who was in love with one of the novices. They escaped and went to the West Indies. Many years later they were discovered living quietly at Calais. In all probability the convent caught fire on the night of the elopement. The Abbess, in a long letter, still extant, relates the calamity, but makes no allusion to the romance.

The "Hôtel Dieu" possesses an exquisite chapel of the fifteenth century in the best period of the flamboyant Gothic. The interior contains some fine oak carving of the seventeenth century, and a handsome altar, which, however, is entirely out of keeping with the style of the church. The "Hôtel Dieu" is a modern building, admirably managed by a community of Augustinian nuns, who treat the paupers with exceeding kindness. There are one or two good pictures in the council chamber: a Crucifixion by Van Dyck—more probably by Van Loo

—and a Descent from the Cross by Rubens in his early manner. The portrait of the founder, the Count de Mainteny (fifteenth century), would be interesting had it not been so thickly re-painted. A register on vellum, with miniatures and illuminations by the Carthusian artist, Dom Hanin, of the fifteenth century, is well worthy of inspection.

Rich, therefore, in historical memories, and exceedingly picturesque, this delightful little town offers many a summer day's rest to the visitors to Mayville. A *déjeûner* at the "Hôtel de France," followed by a walk round the ramparts, a visit to the old church and a pilgrimage to the Chartreuse, is a day, not only very well spent, but a memorable one, and not likely to be forgotten in a life-time.

THE CHARTREUSE
OF
NOTRE DAME DES PRÉS.

THE Chartreuse, or as we should call it, Charterhouse, of Our Lady of the Fields near Montreuil, forms the object of an excursion of the most profound interest, but unfortunately it is one in which ladies cannot join, women being rigorously excluded from monasteries of the Carthusian Order. A cordial welcome, however, is extended to the sterner sex, and if the visit is so timed that the party arrives at mid-day—the hour of the distribution of food to the poor at the monastery gates—ladies will find much to interest them in the picturesque scene (independently of the Lady Chapel to which they are admitted), whilst the gentlemen make the tour of the buildings, which does not take very long.

There was a charterhouse on this site as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, founded by Robert VII., Count of Boulogne and Auvergne, which remained in the hands of the Carthusians until the Revolution, when it was sold and pulled down. In 1870 the few remaining walls and the fine surrounding estates were purchased by the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse at Grenoble, and presently a magnificent building, designed by M. Le Normand, re-placed in a measure the once famous monastery which for over eight hundred years had been in the possession of an unbroken line of priors. The style selected was that generally known in England as Early English, and therefore the visitor

LA CHARTREUSE DE NOTRE-DAME DES PRES.
FEEDING THE POOR AT NOON.

LA CHARTREUSE DE NOTRE-DAME DES PRES.
THE GREAT CLOISTER

has the privilege of seeing an exact re-production of a monastery of the twelfth century, inhabited by monks who follow without the slightest deviation in detail the kind of life led therein eight hundred years back. Nothing is changed either in costume or custom, even the drinking vessels are modelled after those which were in common use in the days of our earliest Plantagenet Kings.

The life of a Carthusian is one of exceeding severity and regularity. He is bound to be a strict vegetarian—meat may not be tasted even in case of sickness—only one substantial meal is allowed each day, and once a week there is a rigid fast. Lent is observed during eight weeks of the year. Three times a day the monks assemble in the choir of the church for Mass, Vespers and Matins. They retire to rest at seven in the evening, and rise at 11.30 each night to proceed to the chapel, where Matins are sung. At 2 o'clock they go to bed, to rise again at 5.30 in winter and summer alike, when they hear Mass.

The monks only eat in common on Sundays and holidays, otherwise their food is brought to them in their cells. Each week they take a walk or Spatiament together in the woods, on which occasion they are allowed to speak, but only on religious or mystical subjects. Certain hours of the day are devoted to manual labour, others to some intellectual occupation, and the rest to prayer and meditation. In a sense this is a busy life, for not a moment of time is wasted, and the result appears conducive both to happiness and health. The Carthusians are said usually to live to a very advanced age.

There is a large and very fine printing and book-binding establishment annexed to this monastery which is in the hands of the monks, who produce superb specimens of both arts. This and their agricultural

industries bring in a handsome return, and enable them to do an immense amount of good in the neighbourhood, where they enjoy unbounded and deserved popularity.

The buildings are handsome and spacious—the cloisters being remarkably long and beautiful—but the magic hand of time is needed to subdue their present rather garish appearance.

The first place of interest shown is the church, which is divided into three sections, one for the monks, another for the friars and servants, and a third for strangers. Although not particularly spacious, it is very handsome, and furnished with great simplicity and good taste in the purest style of the twelfth century. The windows are particularly good, and the general effect is elegant and devotional.

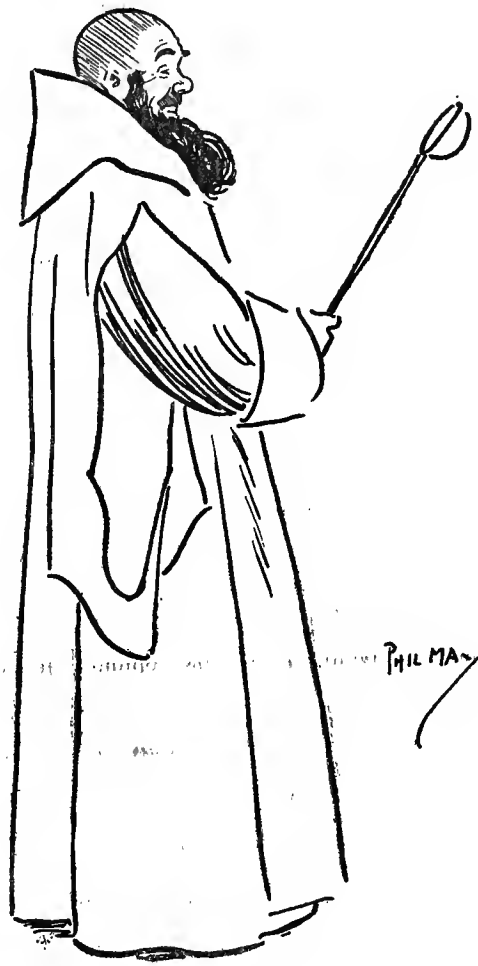
The refectory is plain but lofty, and contains a pulpit from which the lessons are read while the monks are at their meals; such a one is still to be seen in the ruined refectory of Walsingham Priory in Norfolk, and at Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire. The prior occupies a seat at the upper end, whilst the monks sit at two long side tables. The plates and drinking vessels are of the coarsest earthenware, and fashioned after original designs of the time of St. Bruno, who, in the tenth century, created the Carthusian Reform of the Benedictine Order.

Each monk inhabits a little house or cell of his own, which consists of an ante-room and store-house for wood, &c., a bedroom, and a study; these two latter being on the upper floor. The chambers are scrupulously clean and furnished with the utmost simplicity. A small garden is allotted to each monk, which he is expected to cultivate as best he knows how.

The chapter-house, and several small chapels, one of which is the only remaining portion of the older house now existing, are also shown. They are exceedingly plain, but in perfect harmony with the

rest of the building. The library is spacious and well lighted. It contains some 50,000 volumes, but none of great importance—the archives of the house, kept at Grenoble, being all the historical MSS. of any value.

Visitors, Protestant as well as Catholic, are allowed to attend the night services—but they must enter the monastery at 7 o'clock p.m. They will be provided with supper and bed. They are naturally expected to rise with the rest of the house at 11, and proceed with the monks to the chapel and remain there until the service is concluded.



ST. JOSSE.

AMONG the many pleasant and interesting excursions in the neighbourhood of Mayville, none has greater charm than that to St. Josse, now a village, but once a town of considerable importance and still a popular place of pilgrimage. The surrounding country is extremely beautiful, well wooded, and remarkable for its evidence of unusual prosperity. St. Josse is full of historical interest. A great many learned antiquaries—among them the Abbé Jean Gournay, the Curé of the village, a gentleman who has devoted his leisure to the study of the history of the parish he directs with so much kindness and zeal—consider that the important Roman city of Quentovic, which was destroyed in the seventh century, was situated in this neighbourhood, as well as the Portus Itius which Cæsar used as a naval yard for the building of the ships intended for the invasion of Great Britain. A great many Roman coins, horse-shoes, fragments of armour, &c., are often found in rich abundance in this parish, and although it is usually believed that the two important Roman stations in question were situated on the right bank of the Canche, towards Etaples, there is, however, some evidence in favour of the less popular theory.

The village owes its present fame to a Saint of British origin of the seventh century, St. Josse, or Judoc, who died here in 654. It is a curious fact that the Northern provinces of France were mainly Christianised by British missionaries, whose relics are still venerated by the people. In the first decade of the sixth century, Riuval, a Cornish prince, was driven

from his country by the Danes, and took refuge in Southern Brittany, of which province he was in due time elected Chief. The sixth in succession from Riuval was Jathaël, who had fourteen sons and six daughters, of whom three sons and one daughter were subsequently canonised. Of these holy personages St. Judoc, or Josse, is the best known. Refusing the Crown offered to him by his eldest brother, who retired to a monastery, St. Josse devoted himself to the interests of Christianity, then spreading rapidly throughout Brittany and Normandy. He settled in the village which still bears his name, and was renowned for many miles round for his extraordinary virtues and exceeding charity. In 652 he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, whence he brought back certain relics of the Prince of the Apostles, presented to him by the Pope. He died shortly after his arrival home, at St. Josse, in 654, and was buried there, his tomb soon becoming a great attraction to generations of pilgrims. Endless miracles were wrought through his intercession, and about a hundred years after his death a splendid abbey, dedicated to him, was built by the Benedictines, and eventually included by Charlemagne among the twenty-four royal abbeys of his Empire. In the course of centuries this monastery became very rich, and on two days of the year was frequented by thousands of pilgrims eager to "pass" under the shrine of the Saint, which was raised sufficiently high to permit of them so doing. This monastery, which had become pecuniarily embarrassed, was suppressed some years before the Revolution. In 1793 it was so completely levelled to the ground that not a vestige of it remains, not even a wall. The body of St. Josse was saved through the zeal of the parish priest, but the magnificent shrine which once contained it was sent to Paris and melted for the benefit of the nation. A handsome bronze shrine, an exact copy of the original, which, however, was in silver, is now in the parish church. Every year, on the 27th June, a great pilgrimage takes place here, and the shrine of St. Josse is processionally carried

through the village street to *La Croix Coupée*, a wayside cross which marks the spot upon which St. Josse restored to life the daughter of the Lord of Cliron. The throng of pilgrims is still very great, and consists of persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. The huge shrine is carried on the shoulders of sailors, and as it passes along, high over the heads of the multitude, it seems sailing over a sea of human heads. This pilgrimage is one of the most remarkable in the North of France, and only last year attracted 18,000 persons, a proof, if one were needed, that faith is not dead in these districts.

THE ABBEY OF VALLOIRES.
THE GARDEN.

THE ABBEY OF VALLOIRES.

THE excursion to Valloires from Mayville takes a whole day. Leaving early in the morning, one can lunch at Montreuil, and thence go by carriage through a beautiful sweep of country to this once famous abbey, which is situated on the limit-line dividing the departments of Somme and Pas-de-Calais.

The Abbey of Valloires, built in the twelfth century by the Bernardines —a reformed branch of the Benedictines which eventually, in the eighteenth century, transformed itself into the Trappistine Order—was originally of great importance, and the church of extraordinary dimensions, possessing a nave with five aisles, a very unusual feature in this part of France. During the Anglo-French wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it was so terribly damaged that about a hundred and eighty years ago it was found impossible to continue restoring it, the foundations being utterly unsafe. However much one may regret the destruction of a noble Gothic abbey, in this case, at least, one has the consolation of seeing it re-placed by a church of such astonishing beauty, that possibly in the whole of Europe there is no other specimen of the roccoco style at once so delightful and artistic. It is a church which would have enchanted Madame de Pompadour without offending St. Bernard, for it has all the elegance affected by the Marquise and all the needed austerity to render it unobjectionable in the eyes of the æsthetic founder of the most severe Order of contemplative monks. Rarely, if ever, have the lavish decorations

of the eighteenth century been introduced into a sacred edifice with so much discretion. The church is Greek cruciform, the choir and transepts being used by the monks, who are divided from the congregation by an iron grating of superlative beauty, the masterpiece of the Baron de Paff, the Raphael of designers in wrought iron. The absolute perfection of the details of the wondrous lacework screen cannot be exaggerated, and although rich in elaborate and symbolic decoration, the whole design is so light as not to interfere with the view of the choir and altar. But even more remarkable is the wrought iron tabernacle which hangs pendant from the roof over the High Altar. It is in the shape of a gigantic horn of abundance depending from a palm tree, both symbolical of human life and of Divine prodigality. The altar itself is magnificent, and no less beautiful and in keeping with the rest of the church are the other altars, which are adorned by admirable life-sized statues of saints and angels in white marble. So lavish is the decoration of this marvellous church that even the choir stalls and the organ case are unique specimens of the finest decorative wood-carving of the last century in which the fancy of a very great artist has surpassed itself in the judicious use of symbolism. The picture over the High Altar is by Fragonard, and represents the Crucifixion—another master-piece of the period, as artificial as you please, but still in perfect keeping with the richness of the building, and even devotional. The altar of the Lady Chapel has a curious picture representing Mgr. de Lamotte and a group of Bernardines in prayer before the Virgin and Child, possibly by Phillippe de Champagne. The effigies in white marble of the founders of the abbey, the Sieur de Ponthieu and his consort the Countess Marie, were rescued from the ruins of the older building. They are of the fourteenth century, and admirable of their kind. In order to utilize them with effect in this brilliant but slightly worldly-looking church, a scheme of decoration of the purest Louis XV. surrounds them with excellent effect.

THE ABBEY OF VALLOIRES.

This abbey is now in the possession of the Little Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, who educate as farm labourers about fifty orphans. The system of education is admirable, the lads being greatly sought after by the neighbouring farmers, and many of them have risen to fortune—thanks to the kindness and judicious training they received from these Fathers.

There is an interesting museum of antiquities here, formed by the present Superior. The sacristy of the chapter-house and the bishop's parlour are lined with oak, richly carved by the same master hand which so lavishly decorated the chapel. In the chapter-house are some very fine pictures by masters of the eighteenth century, notable being a St. Jerome in the Desert, by Bouchier.

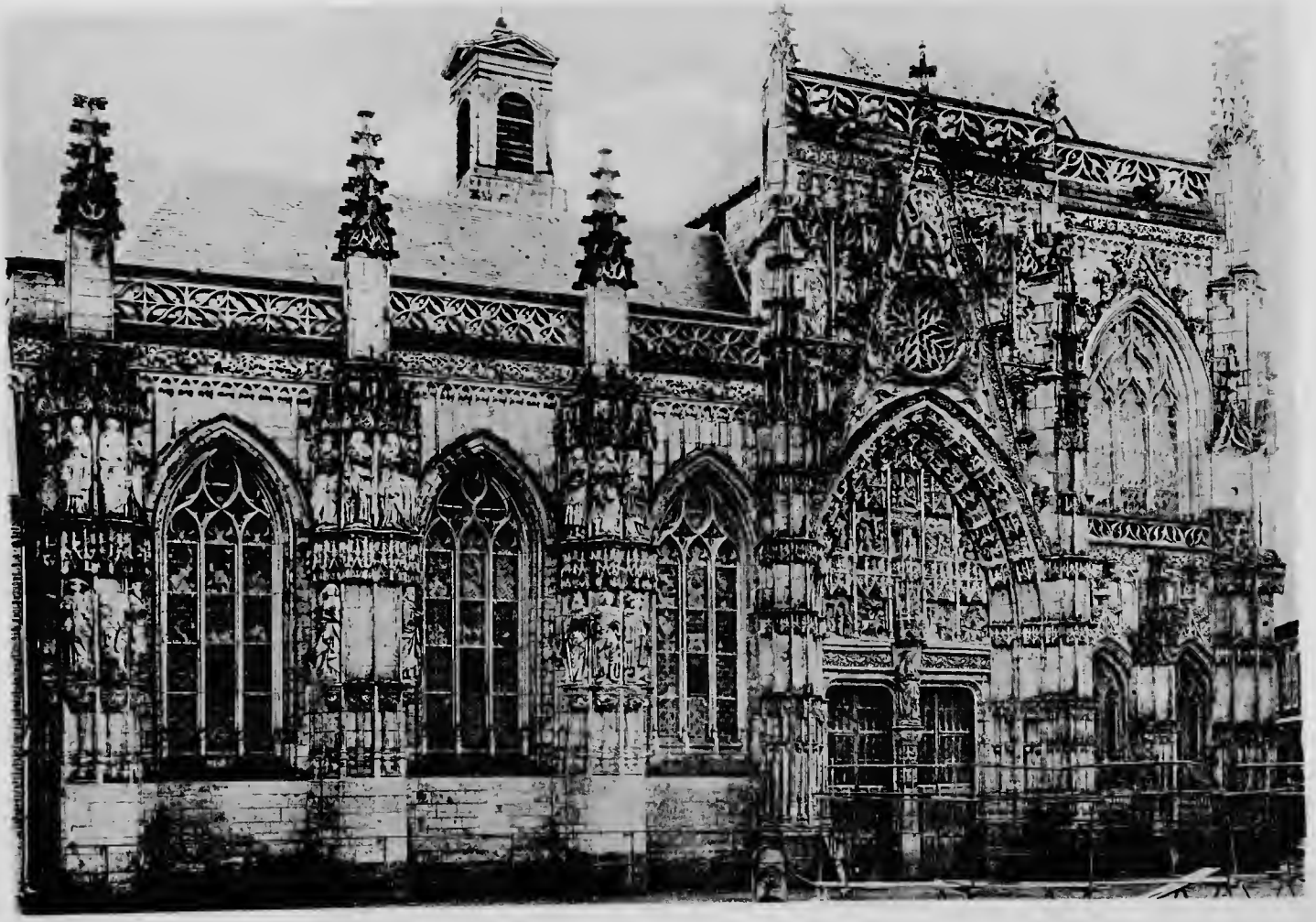
The gardens are beautiful in the extreme, and the cloister, with its fine bronze figure of our Lord, most picturesque. When to these manifold attractions are added the courtesy and intelligent ciceroneship of the Rev. Rector, it is easy to imagine that a visit to Valloires is calculated to be of interest and pleasure combined. A small voluntary fee towards the noble charity, which now occupies the whole attention of the Fathers, is expected, but not demanded, and ladies are freely admitted to the monastery, which is no longer in the hands of a Contemplative Order, but of one of the busiest and most up-to-date of any.

VARIOUS POINTS OF INTEREST.

NEARER to Etaples, on the right bank of the Canche, is also the charmingly situated château of Frencq, which, standing as it does on an island in the centre of a lake, forcibly reminds one of Leeds Castle in Kent, one of the most picturesque spots in the county which has rightly been called the "Garden of England;" while there are few districts even in rural England that surpass in natural beauty the Valley of La Course with its embowered châteaux, nestling water-mills, quaint old villages, and peaceful farmsteads peeping from their elm or poplar groves. On the left bank of the Canche, also, behind the Mayville woods, most agreeable walks and drives may be had to St. Josse, the two châteaux of Prémont and Longeville, La Calotterie, Merlimont, Trépied and Cucq, where the Mayor of the rural Commune of that name has a farm well worth the inspection of English visitors. From here the road leads through a charmingly sylvan country to the battlemented heights, looking like an Indian hill-fort, of ancient and historic Montreuil.

But if the tourist proceeds to the south instead of to the east, he will soon come to a place almost as ancient and interesting in its way as Montreuil, though not nearly so large. This is the quaint little old town of Rue, with its town hall and belfry, which lies on the right of the main line from Boulogne to Paris. It is now the mere shadow of its former self. The church is a comparatively modern one, though containing a confessional of the sixteenth century; but adjoining it is

THE MAYOR'S FARMYARD. CUCQ.



LA CHAPELLE DU ST. ESPRIT, RUE.

the "Chapelle du St. Esprit"—the remnant of a church, dating from the thirteenth century, which was destroyed many years ago by the falling of its steeple. The north side of this chapel is most beautifully sculptured (as will be seen from our illustration), the façade containing statues of several French Kings. The interior, too, is a marvel of the sculptor's art, and the painter also has done his best for it on the subject of Dives.

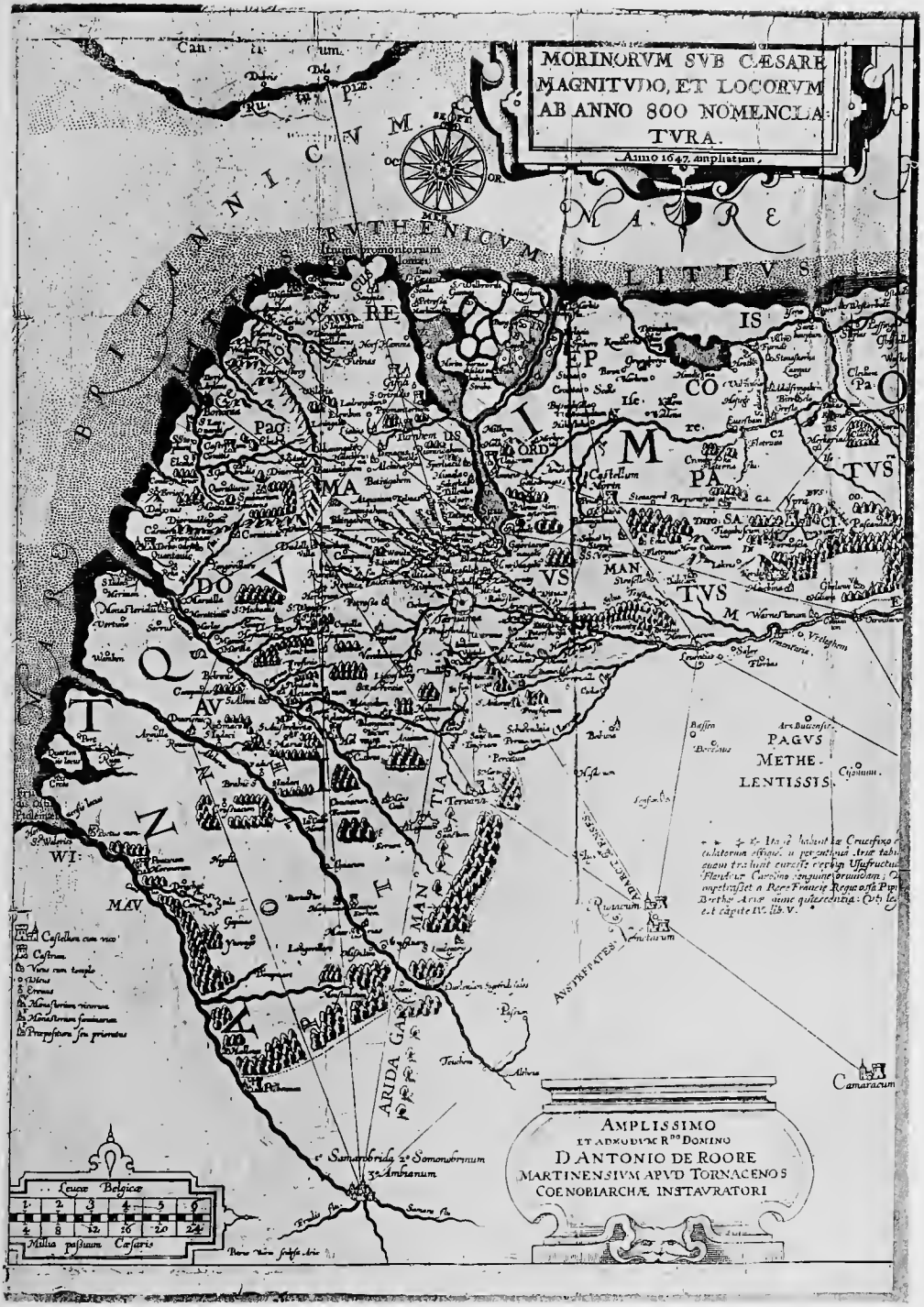
Between the upper courses of the Authie and the Maye, to whose encroachments are partly attributed the decay of Rue, lies the battlefield of Crécy, which is reached by a branch line from Noyelles; while Agincourt, lying eastward of Montreuil, may be reached in a couple of hours from Mayville, the tourist going by rail to Blangy-sur-Ternoise.

QUENTOVIC.

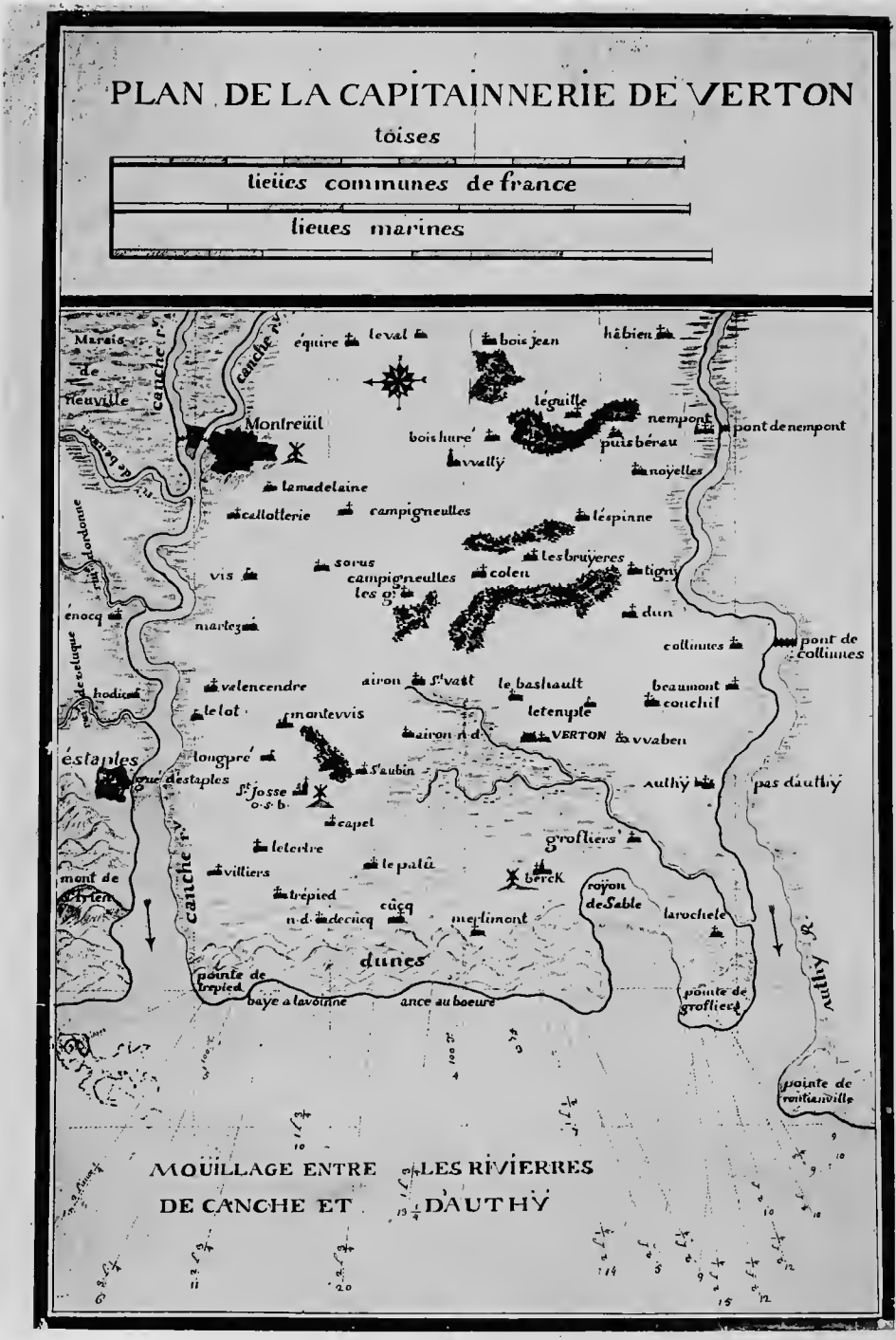
Where it was: What it was: and What remains of it.

AT the beginning of the seventh century we find mentioned for the first time a town called *Wicus Porto* [629]. A little later we find the name changed into *Quentowich* [668]; this form remains in use down to A.D. 961, although its spelling varies greatly: *Quentovicus*, *Cuentowic*, *Quintavich*, &c.

Where was Quentowich? Up to the middle of this century no one knew exactly where to look for it. Some proposed Quend-le-vieux; in Latin, Quentovetus. Others St. Josse, and others Etaples, like Malbrancq or Henry. But in 1841 the question acquired a new interest: the "Société des Antiquaires de Morinie" caused excavations to be made about half a mile to the north of Etaples, in a field called "*la pièce à Liards*" (*i.e.*, farthing-field). Forty-three small stone houses, seven wells, and a paved street were dug up on this site. In these ruins were found vases, tiles, Roman pottery, coins innumerable, and, lastly, several thousand Merovingian bronze brooches or *fibulae*. It was at once proposed to locate this as the real site of the defunct and mysterious Quentowich. But the Abbé Laurent and the Abbé Robert tried to prove that this ancient city was at St. Josse or at La Calotterie, on the left bank of the Canche. M. Cousin, of Dunkerque, however, refuted their arguments, and proved that Quentowic was undoubtedly at Etaples, or rather at *la pièce à Liards*.



ROMAN MAP OF THE SITE OF MAYVILLE AND NEIGHBOUROOD.



PLAN OF THE CAPITAINNERIE DE VERTON.

Quentowich was on the right bank of the River Canche ; a decree by which Louis the Pious divided his empire between his sons [A.D. 835], proves it conclusively : To Charles he gave, among other provinces, *Ambianensis et Pontium*, the Amiens country and the Ponthieu (*i.e.*, the land between the Somme and the Canche). To Lothaire *Terwanensis*, *Bolensis*, *Quentovico*,—the Térouanne country, the Boulogne country and Quentowich, showing thus that this port was not in Ponthieu, but on the right bank of the River Canche.

Quentowich was at Etaples. The same piece of land is said in 867 to be at Quentowich : *In Quintvico Mansum* ; and in 1026 to be at *Stapulae*, or Etaples. *Item aliam terram in villa quae dicitur Stapulae.* (*Cartul. Bertin, p.* 165.)

These arguments seem to be quite irrefutable. The only possible objection is that the ruins dug up are more Roman than Merovingian, but one may say—

1. That the brooches are mostly Merovingian. (Rocquigny and Souquet collections.)

2. That there was also a Roman town called Gravinum. (Peutinger Map.)

3. That there was near there, at Mayville itself, a Roman station called thus in the Notitia Dignitatum Imperii :—*Praefectus classis Sambricae in loco Quartensi sive Hornensi. Quartensis*, or rather *Quantensis*, is a name derived from the word *Quantia*, the Canche river ; while the present *pointe de Lornel*, or *Hornez*, has brought down to us the memory of the *locus Hornensis*. The amateur archæologist occasionally picks up on the sands of Mayville, in front of the sémaphore, fragments of red or black Roman pottery, or even pieces of a thin yellowish Merovingian

pottery, which is found nowhere else in France. We can also recommend excursions to *la pièce à Liards* at Etaples, and especially to Brimeux, where in close proximity to the railway station one may occasionally pick up ornate fragments of varnished red Roman pottery, a Roman town called *Lintomagus* having once occupied that site. (Peutinger Map.)

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